

A Romance of Life in a Big City

A GIRL AND A MAN

By VIRGINIA TERRINE VAN DE WATER.

The Two Admirers Of Agnes Meet and Philip Resorts To a Ruse.

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CHAPTER IX.

PHILIP HALE paused in the doorway, irresolute, a little puzzled frown drawing his dark brows together. Then, as Agnes arose to greet him, he came forward, hesitatingly. "Good evening," he said, hesitatingly. "I hope I'm not bothering you."

"I will tell you about it some other time, Phil," the girl broke in before Mr. Pickens could go farther in his explanation. "I have a position—a very good one—and I want to talk to you about it sometime."

"So have I," the boy laughed. "We'll have an experience meeting. When do you begin?"

"I started in today," she replied. "But," she added, "I am too tired to want to talk about it now."

Three is a Crowd.
For a half-hour the three chatted together. That is, Philip and Agnes talked, while Mr. Pickens, who had sunk back in his chair, gazed gloomily at the gas-light and responded only to questions aimed directly at him.

Several times he cast longing glances at the table on the other side of the room where reposed his dearly-bought Panama—the Panama—the Panama he had purchased to make brave his appearance for this call. Too shy to join in the conversation, too bored to care to remain longer, he seemed to take up his hat and make his departure.

One thing interfered with his doing this. It was a recollection that he was a Southerner in a land of Northern barbarians. Upon his narrow shoulders he felt rested the responsibility of upholding the gallantry of the Southland.

Therefore he was determined to remain until the man in whom he recognized a rival should depart. So he stayed, shrinking into his chair, jaws aching and pale eyes watering from

surprised yawns—a martyr to Southern chivalry.

Could he have read the minds of his two companions he would doubtless have fled precipitately. Both Philip and Agnes had much to tell each other and neither desired to discuss these problems in the presence of a third person.

"Just Philip arose. "You are tired," he said to Agnes. "And we are boring you to death. It is time you went to bed, and I am going home and let you get some rest."

"Please stay for a little longer at least," the girl begged. "It is not late."

"No," he insisted, "I am going. Mr. Pickens, are you going up or down town?"

"Downtown," that gentleman replied, rising and seizing his hat. "Well, we'll walk over as far as the avenue together, anyway," Hale proposed. "Good night, Miss Morley. Be good and go to bed soon."

Mr. Pickens bowed low over his hostess's hand. "I would like to come again sometime if I may," he ventured. "I don't know so many folk here in the city."

An Invitation.
"Certainly," Agnes replied, touched by his wistful tone. "Come by all means, Mr. Pickens."

A moment later the door slammed and they were both gone.

"I wonder why Phil left so early," the girl mused, as she returned to the parlor to turn out the gas.

Propped up against a book on the table she found the answer to her question. On the back of an old envelope were scribbled these words:

"I have a lot of things to talk to you about. I am going to shake Mr. Pickens—or whatever his name is—and then come back. Don't you dare to be too tired to see me!"

Agnes laughed aloud at the clever manner in which the boy had carried out his plan of getting rid of the unfortunate caller. Then she ran to the window and peered out.

A tall lank figure and a shorter, sturdier one were standing under the arc light that swung on the corner of the avenue. A minute later a car came along and Mr. Pickens boarded it. Philip came strolling back up the street, whistling gaily.

"It worked, didn't it?" he asked with a happy laugh, when he had once more entered the Morley apartment. "I just had to see you alone tonight, and diplomacy was better than force in getting rid of that queer Southern customer."

"You ought to be ashamed," Agnes told him, smiling in contradiction of her words.

"I'm not," he declared. "I had a talk with father today, Agnes, and he has promised to take me into the firm when I have finished college. Isn't that corking? That is, he says he will do it if I decide that I want to go into business after working this summer in his office. So he's going to give



me a three months' job there. What do you look so queer for?"

"Oh, nothing," Agnes said with a strained laugh. "Only your father has given me a job in his office. (so. I started in today.)"

(To Be Continued.)

Roads To Somewhere

Grace Darling, the talented newspaper writer and actress, will be seen soon in an absorbing new film, "Beatrice Fairfax."

These recent photographs of Miss Darling make it easy to see that she is entitled to her fame as a film favorite.

Photo by Campbell Studios, 325 Fifth Ave.



In the ... NEW YORK THEATRES

BY EMORY B. CALVERT.



LEWIS DRESSER COMING IN 'COAT TALKS'



WILLIAM HODGE COMING IN 'FLYING SISTER'

Plenty of Musical Shows Promised; Revival of Two Favorites of Interest.

By EMORY B. CALVERT.

NEW YORK, July 28.—From all signs and portents there will be no lack of musical shows along Broadway. Every manager is promising to excel himself in this respect.

What Messrs. Dillingham and Ziegfeld, two geniuses of the girl show, are going to do in the Century theater, where so many good intentions have come to naught, is a question discussed about as often as any other by dilatory habits.

It doesn't seem possible that these two could fail unless the public suddenly gave up the theater habit altogether. Besides, they are making the outcome more certain by engaging such prime favorites as Ethel Jones, Frank Flinn, Sam Bernard and Brice and King.

And the Hippodrome? Here all is mystery, and we are only allowed to know that one whole act will be dedi-

cated to the dance, with Leon Bakst doing his brilliantest, which is quite brilliant.

Whitcomb Ames will try his hand with the musical pantomime of Michel Carré, "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Many Shubert Music Shows.
The Shuberts promise a new opera by Oscar Strauss and others by Franz Lehár, Edman, Frencher for "Sari," Leslie Stuart, and Jerome Kern.

Anna Held will appear in a revue under the Shubert standard and Margaret Romaine and John Charles Thomas will have an opera. The Shuberts will also revive "The Highwayman," a de Koven-Smith opera favorite of two decades ago.

I learn there are good prospects of Marguerite Clark's tearing herself away from the film long enough to appear with Joseph Santley in "One Time in May," a new German piece.

From London comes "Betty," which has charmed the British lion a year. Raymond Hitchcock will play an Egoziah "lud" and as he has recently spent some time across the water, he should do it well.

White Flag," is also drawn on for "Go to It," the Hazard Golden, used depended upon to fill the Princess.

The first production at the New Amsterdam will be "Little Miss Springtime," with music by the composer of "Sari" and in its cast May Robson, Georgia O'Rourke, George MacFarlane, Jack Hazzard, and Jed Prouty. This, like the rest at the Century, will have Urban decorations.

Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert are at work on a new Irish opera. Donald Wolf and Louis Hirsch, are also turning out a musical comedy between them.

The Amber Empress" is a comic opera which Corey & Ritter will bring to town.

"So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage" are two musical comedies slowly making their way eastward from California, the domain of Oliver Morosco. Of the latter, the book was written by Mr. Morosco himself in conjunction with Elmer Harris. Charles Bygones and Trivia Frigiana are in the cast. For these productions, as for all of the Morosco productions, Robert McQuinn will do the decorations.

Comedie Francaise Actors Bask.
Due to the patriotism of the company members, the talent of the Comedie Francaise will not be brought to this country next winter for a season of

eight plays, as Jules Bois, now in this country, proposed.

Everything seemed to be going swimmingly. New York artistic circles received the famous Parisian with enthusiasm and a committee was appointed here with Mrs. Robert Bacon, as chairman. Plenty of money was forthcoming to guarantee expenses, although there was some prospect of financial success anyway. The French government commented and so did the director of the Comedie.

But then the actors and actresses of the ancient theater rebelled. They would not leave France in her hour of peril. Many of the younger actors have died on the field of honor, others are struggling with danger and ground in the dungeons of the Somme. Not at such a time would true Frenchmen, they argued, leave France even for a short appearance in a friendly republic. So there it stands.

Since the Comedie Francaise was founded by Louis XIV, in 1680, it has never acted as a body outside of France. Its roster embraced the two Couppins, Mounet-Sully, Delaunay, and Bernhardt.

William Hodge to Appear Here.
I learn that one of the events of the early season will be the appearance here of William Hodge in "Flying Sister."

This piece, which was produced at the Shuberts, had great success at Boston a few months ago, and has not been seen elsewhere.

Gladys Feldman, Beauty.
Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., is a connoisseur of beauty. When he thinks a girl is worth looking at, she is.

Of course, there's a rouse for every gender. Every man thinks his wife is the most charming woman ever at least just about the time he slips the gold band on her finger.

But there are mighty few women whom all agree in estimate of pulchritude. With the films competing, these few are in vast demand nowadays.

Gladys Feldman is considered by Mr. Ziegfeld one of the most beautiful women he ever had under his management. To prevent any one else getting her away from him he has just granted her a five year contract. She is said to be the first simple show girl to be signed up for so long a period.

Go up to the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam theater and have a good look at Gladys. It will be worth your while.

BY GRACE DARLING.

Do you remember the song that we were all singing a year or two ago in which the refrain was: "I don't know where I am going, but I'm on my way?"

I often think that song is the life size portrait of the average girl. She doesn't know where she's going, but she's on her way. She doesn't know what she wants to be or what she wants to do. She has an definite goal in sight, but the days and the years are

going by. She's on her way to somewhere. That's why so many girls take the wrong turn of the road. That's why so many girls are miserable instead of successful, for almost every mother's daughter of us can do anything we like if we just concentrate on the one subject, and stick to it.

But we don't. We are futile. We are aimless. We go at life without any plans and specifications, and so it's no wonder that we so often muddle it. We're on our way, but we haven't thought a through ticket to the end of the journey. We just pay as we go, because we are always expecting to get off at the next stopping place, or

turn back, or go in some other direction.

Take even such a vital matter as a girl's character.

A Vital Matter.
Do you ever stop to think how often the difference between a girl doing right and wrong is determined by chance and not by principle? Not one girl in a million starts out with the fixed idea of being bad, and becoming what we call in the movies a "streak" or a "vampire."

If she did she would turn out a better siren or vampire job, and get something out of it except shame and tears and heartbreak.

No, the girls who go wrong are nearly always just girls who are on their

way, but didn't know where they were going, and at some point they drifted off the straight and narrow way into the primrose path that leads down to perdition for women. But they didn't start out with any intention in the world of going there.

I see a lot of these little girls with too few clothes on and too much paint on sitting around in the lobbies of hotels waiting for men to come along and pick an acquaintance with them and ask them to lunch.

I see them drinking cocktails and smoking cigarettes in cafes. I see them dancing with strangers at the tea dances in giddy restaurants. I see them too riding in automobiles and skyarking with men who are not in their class of society, and who are just amusing themselves with these little sillies.

These girls start out meaning to do no harm. They are girls who lead drab, dull lives at home, and they are starved for pleasure and excitement. They just want to have a little fun and do some of the things the rich girls do. They don't know it, but they are on their way, and they don't know where they are going. That's the pity of it.

Another Danger.
And there's the girl, the warm hearted, sympathetic, understanding girl, who gets herself entangled in an affair with a married man. He tells her a sad story about a cold and callous wife and a starved heart, and an unhappy home, and that she's the only woman who ever really comprehended his inner nature or answered the longings of his soul, and but for her he would go to perdition, etc., etc.

And she, poor little rudderless boat, lets herself be swept out on the sea of unconventional living on the high tides of love and passion. She doesn't know where she's going, but she's on her way, as in every other girl who gets into love affairs with men who can't offer her anything but a ring along with their vows and kisses.

So I ask all girls to stop right in their tracks where they are. Let's take our bearings and try to find out which way we are going. And if we are headed the wrong way, let's scramble back as quickly as we can into the broad highway, where we are all on our way, and by and by we are bound to arrive. For every road leads to somewhere.—Copyright 1916, International News Service.



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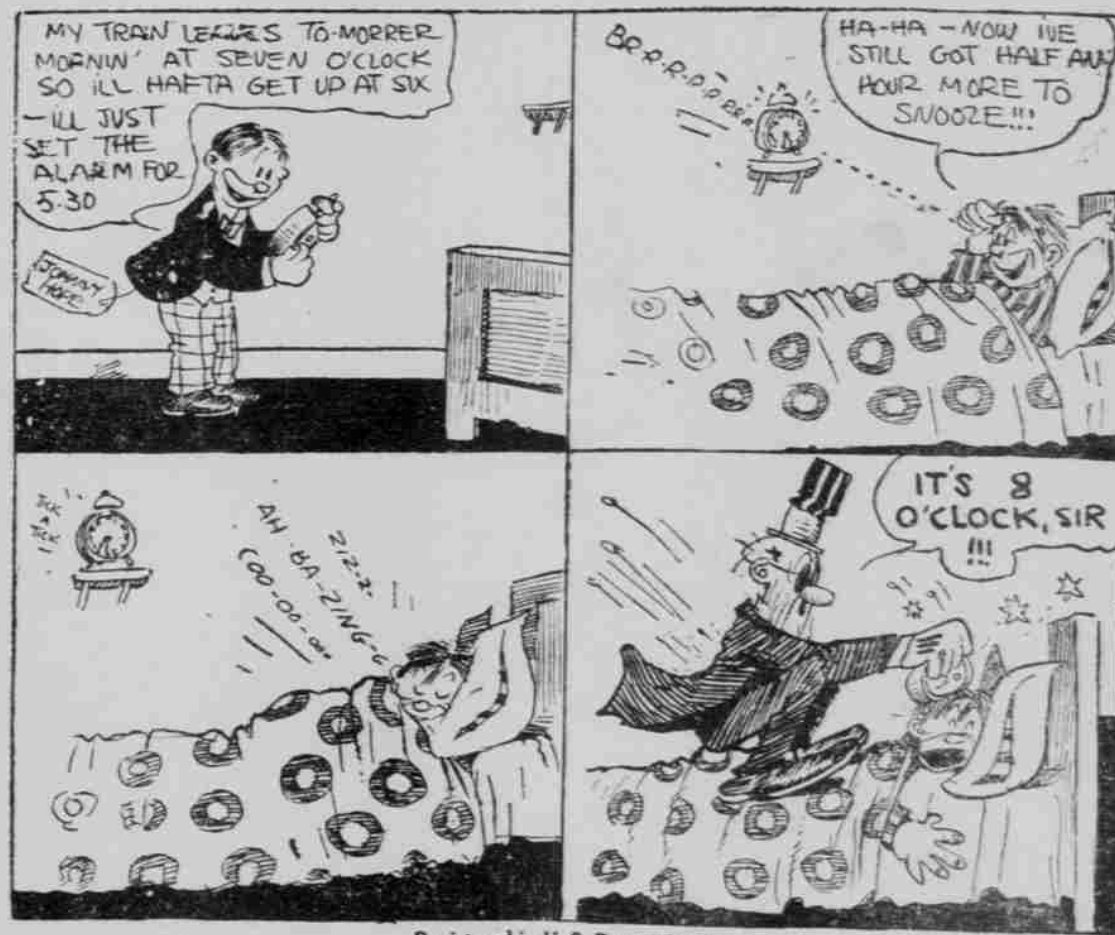
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